

# The Watchman and Southern.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHERN, Established June, 1866.

Consolidated Aug 2, 1881.

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1884.

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## The Watchman and Southern.

Published every Tuesday,  
—BY THE—  
Watchman and Southern Publishing  
Company,  
SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per annum—in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Every subsequent insertion..... 50

Contracts for three months, or longer will

be made at reduced rates.

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interests will be charged for as advertisements.

Obituaries and tributes of respect will be

charged for.

Marriage notices and notices of deaths pub-

lished gratis.

For job work or contracts for advertising

address Watchman and Southern, or apply at

the Office, to N. G. OSTEN,

Business Manager.

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.

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## NO POISON

IN THE PASTRY

IF

DR. PRICE'S

SPICED

FLAVORING

EXTRACTS

ARE USED.

Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., Flavor Cakes,

Creams, Puddings, etc., as delicately and nat-

urally as those made with the flowers;

And while we seek the roses,

The thorns fall off we scan;

Still, let us, though they wound us,

Be happy as we can.

This life is not all sunshine,

Nor is it yet all showers;

But storms and suns alternate,

As those among the flowers;

And while we seek the roses,

The thorns fall off we scan;

Still, let us, though they wound us,

Be happy as we can.

This life is heavy crosses,

As well as joys and smiles;

And griefs and disappointments,

Which you and I must bear;

Yet if misfortune's hand

Bestows hope's dearest plan,

With which we live and move,

Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyments

Is made of little things,

As of the broadest rivers,

Are formed from smallest springs;

So treasuring small waters

Will rivers reach the sea;

So we increase our pleasures

By enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts,

Through which our feet may go;

But there are green oases

Where pleasant paths grow;

And if we have no roses,

Let us at least have thorns.

The paths our hearts would plan,

Let us make all around us

As happy as we can.

Perhaps we may not climb with

Ambition to the goal;

Still, if we have no roses,

Let us at least have thorns.

Where duty calls the roll;

And whatever our appointments,

Be nothing less than man,

And, cheerful in submission,

Be happy as you can.

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## Gracie Lilburne's Secret.

A STORY OF

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The desire that had brought him here

this night as all night was gratified

his eyes rested once more upon the face

of Kate Lilburne.

It was a prayer was granted,

and he was now with Frank Fairfield.

He looked upon Kate as she lay sense-

less at his feet; blood was flowing from

a wound on her forehead, and from a

scar on her cheek, and he was

and yet her face had been slightly

broken by her own having been caught

by some projection from the wall.

The wound on her head was serious,

however, Frank tried to staunch the

blood with a couple of large hand-

kerchiefs he had in his pocket.

This was no easy matter, as he had

to do it in the darkness, and the

being of no use except for a second or

two at a time.

Kate remained senseless, and the

young man tried to revive her by

forcefully shaking her, but he had in

his task down her throat.

But his efforts were vain, and the

dark victim in which they both were

helpless, and he was now alone, and

the girl who was lying on the floor was

as cold as ice.